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and BYSTANDER

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## Johnny Jones and Bill Smith

Hero and heroine of *Come Live with Me* are no passionate shepherd and his love (see Christopher Marlowe), but a young writer called Bill Smith (James Stewart) and a beautiful alien called Johanna Janns (Hedy Lamarr) who changes her name to Johnny Jones and marries Bill Smith when she's in danger of being deported, and this although she is in love with and being financially supported by a publisher. This rather sordid situation becomes a little more pastoral and a little more in keeping with the title of the story when Bill drags his unwilling wife off to "be his love" on his grandmother's farm, and she decides that after all she likes Bill well enough to stay his wife instead of divorcing him and marrying her publisher (who is married already). This is all in a new M-G-M film which co-stars James Stewart (1940 "Oscar" winner) and Hedy Lamarr for the first time. Clarence Brown directed *Come Live with Me*, which succeeds *Bitter Sweet* at the Empire on Friday





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## Soviet Russia's Turn

**H**ITLER and Stalin have come to grips at last. Even while Crete was being fought out with immense losses to German aircraft Hitler was concentrating large numbers of men and machines along the Russian frontiers. The forces stretched along the borders of the Ukraine to the extreme point of the Russian boundary line in Poland.

Writing in advance of the ultimate phase of the clash between the two dictators one can only hazard the result. Stalin's position is not enviable. He can never be sure of his regime. Like others in Europe he has imagined that he could placate the beast by treating with him. Now Hitler has him in a corner, alone. Stalin could have made Hitler fight on two fronts. If he had done the French might never have collapsed. The story of Europe would have been different. So might the story of Russia! In face of the highly efficient German forces Stalin must weigh the advantages of capitulation now, in the hope that Britain and the United States may eventually bring Hitler down, and fighting.

The German concentrations were carried out behind the biggest of all Hitler's propaganda screens. In Europe he was disseminating news that Britain and France were on the point of war. In the Middle East he was filling the ether with stories of German penetration into Syria and of the collapse of British resistance in Crete. In the United States his agents were spreading rumours that Britain was ready to make peace. Presi-

dent Roosevelt quickly killed the story, but why did Hitler start these rumours? Why did the propagandists talk about everything save the concentration of German forces against Soviet Russia? Obviously Hitler did not want the world to see his dilemma. Hitler dreads a long war. He is so short of essential raw materials that he cannot hope to keep pace with the eventual output of Britain and the United States. Hess may have known how this was worrying Hitler. If the United States is entering the war then Hitler must get Russia on his side by bomb or bombast.

The British Government must have known something of the game Hitler was playing behind the scenes, for suddenly there was great diplomatic activity. Mr. Anthony Eden saw M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, several times. Sir Stafford Cripps suddenly set off in an aeroplane from Moscow for London. The Germans began to deny their own concentrations and to make more rumours.

Make no mistake, Hitler is a virtuoso of propaganda. His aptitude shows the German capacity for imitation at its strongest. British propaganda in the last war impressed Hitler so much that he has studied and improved and expanded its possibilities beyond all normal imaginations. We seem to have forgotten the lessons.

## Japanese Anxiety

**H**ITLER's pressure on Russia put the Japanese in a flurry. Since his visit to Berlin Mr. Matsuoka has been a less active Foreign

Minister for the Axis. While Sir Stafford Cripps was on his way to London, Mr. Shigemitsu, the Japanese Ambassador in London, was preparing to fly to Tokio for consultations with Mr. Matsuoka. The fact that Mr. Shigemitsu's route home will take him for a short stay in Washington may prove to be of more than passing interest. In London the Ambassador has been working hard to improve Anglo-Japanese relations, and these have reached a point where Mr. Winston Churchill has been able to send a personal message to Mr. Matsuoka. Nothing more may come of this for the time being, but meanwhile Mr. Matsuoka is anxious to make headway with the United States Government. He would like to sign a non-aggression pact with them.

Out of these facts emerges quite clearly the determination of the Japanese Government to avoid being dragged into an Axis war. The stark truth is Japan cannot afford another war. She would like President Roosevelt to frame the terms of a settlement of her war with China. Japan is short of rice, coal and charcoal. Her people want peace and they now see in the hastily concluded tripartite pact a one-sided bargain. Neither Germany nor Italy can help the Japanese if they are compelled to fight the United States.

This becomes clear to the Japanese public now, but it was not so some months ago. Nor did their Ministers see it. They imagined that Britain would follow the way of France and capitulate to Hitler. They wanted to be on the right side, so they signed the tripartite pact. Now they want to be on the right side again and therefore they will find every excuse to delay in fulfilling their part of the tripartite pact.

## Churchillian Strategy

**A**CCORDING to the Prime Minister Crete was merely an incident in the Battle of the Nile. This was always the view of some of our best strategists who warned the Government that there could be no adequate air support for our Army and Navy in and around the Island.



At the Oxford Union's Presidential Debate

A crowded house heard a speech by an ex-President of the Cambridge Union Society, Mr. R. A. Butler, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, at the Oxford Union's Presidential Debate. The motion, "That this house deploras the view that Conservatism is a vice in a young man," was carried by forty-six votes. In this group are (front) Mr. Michael Foot, Mr. Richard Law, M.P., Dr. G. S. Gordon (Vice-Chancellor of the University), Kenneth Riddle (President), Canon Claude Jenkins, Mr. R. A. Butler, M.P., Sir George Frankenstein; (back) H. Bird (steward), R. Gray, R. H. Jenkins (ex-Librarian), R. B. McCallum, M. Kinchin-Smith, M. A. Ashcroft, G. Hersch (Secretary), L. Clarke, A. E. Telling, J. Stobbs, J. A. T. Douglas (Treasurer), J. G. Comyn (ex-President), K. G. I. Jones (ex-Treasurer), I. J. Bahadoorsingh (ex-President). The election of officers next day has since been annulled, owing to alleged irregularities, and a new election will be held next term.





### Dancing on Plymouth Hoe

Gayest picture of last week was that of Viscountess Astor dancing with a naval Petty Officer in the first Cornish Floral Dance to be held at Plymouth Hoe. Lady Astor is M.P. for the Sutton division of this badly bombed city, whose courage in carrying out this old Cornish custom is widely admired



### Appeal for the Margarets' Fund

An appeal centre at Harrods helped to swell the Margarets' Fund, to which Princess Margaret was the first contributor. Already five canteens and a hut have been provided. The four Margarets selling emblems were Margaret, Lady Moir, O.B.E. (Vice-President), Mrs. Gordon Moore (President for England), Miss Peggy Gordon Moore and Mrs. (Margaret) Illingworth



### Hospital Garden Fete

Little Ann Morgan presented a bouquet of carnations to Miss Valerie Hobson, the film star, when she opened a garden fete at the South London Hospital for Women, and received gifts in kind from Canada and the United States. Lady Ironside (on the right) received the presentation purses

The Prime Minister obviously could not let the country know this when the invasion was launched by Hitler, but in seeking to make glamour phrases Mr. Churchill himself may have over-emphasised the role of Crete and thus prepared the ground for the criticism which followed inevitably. In successfully correcting the perspective of Parliament Mr. Churchill said that Britain's resistance to the German invaders was based on a plan to gain more time and to interrupt the German advance. The losses inflicted on the enemy had made the twelve-day stand well worth while.

The House of Commons accepted this view with thoughtful attention but, it must be said, with less alacrity than usual. What the Prime Minister did not appear to realise was that the criticism of Crete was only partly responsible for the debate. Members, rightly or wrongly, are concerned about the conduct of the war as a whole. They want to see Mr. Churchill more ruthless and less loyal to the laggards around him. But the campaign in Syria where Britain was taking the initiative was just beginning and wisely the House of Commons as a whole showed Members in a mood of restraint.

Much depends on Syria. It may only be a sideshow, for despite Hitler's propaganda early indications were that German forces were not there in strength; the real concentrations were against Soviet Russia and in Libya where reinforcements of men and supplies had been gathered while the Crete battle was in progress.

But the mood of restraint in the House of Commons must not be mistaken. According to some observers the campaign for a smaller War Cabinet, and for the inclusion of Dominion statesmen in the war directorate will go on. So will the demand for unified control of all the forces in the battle areas. Failing this we shall certainly hear more about creation of a separate Air Arm for the Army.

### Future Prime Minister

BEHIND the scenes, particularly in the Conservative Party, there has been serious talk lately about nominating a successor to Mr. Churchill to meet any of the emergencies

of war. Mr. Churchill is fully aware of the anxieties of his friends in this respect and himself put forward the name of Mr. Anthony Eden. The influential Conservatives who lately met to consider this proposal were not unanimously in favour of Mr. Eden. They went on to consider the names of other Ministers, including Sir Kingsley Wood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Captain David Margesson, the Secretary of State for War, who was Chief Whip for nine years. Captain Margesson found more favour than Sir Kingsley Wood, but finally most of those present agreed that Sir John Anderson, the Lord President of the Council, might find general support in the Conservative Party if the circumstances arose where a successor to Mr. Churchill had to be found.

Sir John is neither a skilled politician nor a powerful Parliamentarian, but he is reputed to have high administrative qualities. At this period in his remarkable career his stock stands high. He began his career as a Civil Servant in the Home Office. In the last war he was sent to Southern Ireland to administer the Government machine from Dublin Castle. Back in Whitehall, he became head of the Home Office, and then convention was set aside and he was appointed Governor of Bengal, usually a post given to a politician and not a civil servant, in order that he might deal with the riots there. After his life had been threatened in Bengal as much as it had been in Ireland, Sir John returned to England intending to settle down to finish his active life in commerce. He had accepted several company directorships when he was invited to join the Government, but instead of occupying a seat on a company's board he was made a member of the Cabinet with a seat in the House of Commons. At first his pontifical manner of Scots oratory wearied the House of Commons, but gradually his style improved and his influence increased. But even now he is not regarded as a political force in any of the parties.

At fifty-nine, Sir John is dark and still remarkably young-looking. Remembering how the Conservative Party invariably seeks its leaders from the ranks of the comparatively

unknown, one realises he may be their "dark" horse. This, however, cannot be regarded as a political certainty. There are astute political observers who believe that should anything happen to the Prime Minister his nomination of Mr. Anthony Eden might prove to be the right one.

### Labour's Choice

THE Labour Party have also been looking through their ranks for an alternative Prime Minister. Mr. Attlee's position in the Party is by no means strong, although I remember a Conservative Minister telling me that the Labour leader was surprisingly forceful in Cabinet. The Labour rank-and-file think Mr. Attlee is not sufficiently Party-minded now he is a member of the Government. Nor have they as much faith in Mr. Arthur Greenwood as they had.

Mr. Greenwood has been unfortunate in his career, due largely to his modesty and sense of loyalty. At the outbreak of the war, in the absence through ill health of Mr. Attlee, Mr. Greenwood rose to unsuspected heights of leadership. When Mr. Attlee returned, Mr. Greenwood effaced himself and became a dull number two man in the Party once more.

It seems that Mr. Ernest Bevin is more favoured by Conservatives as a future Prime Minister than he is by the Labour Party, although among Labour leaders he appears to have the clearest and most constructive mind. He knows what he wants; it may be that he doesn't want to be Prime Minister. But if he is so ambitious he will have to fight it out with Mr. Hugh Dalton if and when the opportunity arises.

Tall, dome-headed, loud-voiced Hugh Dalton is the choice of the Labour Party in recent weeks. It is strange how the Labour Party prefer to be led by men of his type. Hugh Dalton was brought up in Windsor Castle and went to Eton. His father was tutor to King George V, and consequently the present Minister for Economic Warfare was brought up like an aristocrat under royal influence. As a politician, he is a back-slapper and, when necessary, a beer-drinker.



# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

"Bitter-Sweet" Again

I HAVE always been one of Mr. Coward's most forthcoming champions. Consider what, in *Bitter-Sweet*, his achievement meant. Mozart had need of Beaumarchais, Strauss of Hoffmannsthal, Johann Strauss of lots of people and ditto Oscar Straus, Offenbach, Lecoq, Planquette, Hervé, Audran, Messager. Today your concocter of a musical comedy or revue needs some sixteen lyric-writers. Compare our modern Coriolanus who might have cried as the curtain fell after that first night at His Majesty's, "Alone, but for Mrs. Calthrop (scenery and dresses), Professor Ernst Stern (more scenery and dresses), Miss Tilly Losch (dances), and Mr. d'Orellama (orchestration), I did it!" And he would have been justified. After all, the things that matter most in any light musical piece are the words and music. And Mr. Coward was, so to speak, irresponsible for both. Since both were irresponsible, gay and escapist in a day when there was nothing to escape from.

THE plot, let me remind readers, was of a naïveté hardly to be looked for from one of Mr. Coward's expertise. In order to persuade a modern young woman to run away with a jazz-band conductor a great lady recounted how, as a young girl, she eloped with a pianoforte teacher, and when he became

killed in a duel, returned to London to sing the ballads of Tosti in the over-heated drawing-rooms of the 'seventies.

THE film at the Empire keeps pretty close to the original show at His Majesty's except that the frame work is discarded, and Sara, instead of returning to London to give another love-lorn maiden the benefit of her experience, remains in Vienna to warble her husband's gipsy opera to all and sundry.

How good is this music? Let me say that it is travelled music. It is the stuff which musicians all the world over in the days before saxophones muted with bowler hats would have recognised as legitimate light music. It is cultivated, deft, witty, tuneful. It is not until say the hundred and tenth reprise of the tune called "Zigeuner" that you begin to think of a calf lowing for its mother. And because of *Rosenkavalier* need there be no more Viennese waltzes? Go to! Mr. Coward's gingerbread is pleasantly hot in the mouth, even if we know where the gilt comes from.

AND now, I suppose, I must tackle the redoubtable Jeanette MacDonald. Years ago Sir Max Beerbohm had a wonderful passage about Sarah Bernhardt:

"I am glad to have lived in a time when it was possible to set eyes on the aged Queen Victoria. I can conceive no more romantic thrill than I had whenever, in the last years of her reign, I saw her drive past in that old-fashioned barouche, attended not only by that clattering cavalcade of material guardsmen, but also by the phantoms—not less clearly there—of Melbourne and the Duke, Louis Philippe, Palmerston, Peel, Disraeli the younger—of all those many successive sovereigns, statesmen, soldiers, who were but great misty names to us, yet had been sharp little realities to her, in the interminable pageant of her existence. Strange, to see her with my own eyes—that little old lady, in the queer barouche, on her way to Paddington Station. In Queen Victoria I saw always something of that uncanny symbolism which Mr. Pater saw in the portrait of Mona Lisa. Hers, too, surely, was the head upon which all the ends of the world were come, and the eyelids were a little weary. . . .

"There is no one now to give me that kind of emotion in like degree; but, certainly, the person most nearly filling the void is Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who has played during the past fortnight at His Majesty's Theatre. Year by year, when she comes among us, my wonder and awe are intensified. Seeing her, a few nights ago, in *La Sorcière*, I was more than ever moved by the apparition. The great Sarah—pre-eminently great throughout the past four decades! My imagination roved back to lose itself in the golden haze of the Second Empire. My imagination roved back to reel at the number of plays that had been written, the number of players whose stars had risen and set, the number of theatres that had been built and theatres that had been demolished, since Sarah's début. The theatrical history of more than forty years lay strewn in the train of that bowing and bright-eyed lady. The applause of innumerable thousands of men and women, now laid in their graves, was still echoing around her. And still she was bowing, bright-eyed, to fresh applause.

"The time would come when our noisy hands would be folded and immobile for ever. But, though we should be beneath the grass, Sarah would still be behind the footlights—be bowing, as graciously as ever, to audiences recruited from the ranks of those who are now babes unborn. A marvellous woman! For all the gamut of her experience, she is still lightly triumphant over time. All this has been to her, as to Mona Lisa, but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the hair. Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come, and the eyelids are not at all weary."

THE same might surely be said of Jeanette MacDonald. Year by year, whenever that sheet of canvas, or whatever it is, has brought her among us, my wonder and awe have been intensified. Still has she bowed, bright-eyed, to our unseen, unheard applause. A marvellous woman! For all the gamut of her screen experience she is still triumphant over time. Only in this does she differ from Pater's heroine and Max's idol—the lineaments have not changed, and the hair is as auburn as of yore, if not more so. And that voice, which has risen above earthquakes and vanquished cyclones. Still, as in the days beyond recall, is it compact of lyres and of flutes, and I can assure readers that it is not at all weary.

And then there is Nelson Eddy. To descend to the humdrum, if you like Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy you will like this film. Whowas it, by the way, who said: "Much virtue in If"?



If You Like Miss MacDonald and Mr. Eddy . . .

. . . You will like, says Mr. Agate, the film of "Bitter-Sweet." Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy take the parts that Peggy Ward and George Metaxas played in the London stage production of Noel Coward's operetta. It has been produced for the screen by Victor Saville, directed by W. S. Van Dyke II, is at the Empire until Friday, and is being generally released early next month



# Nice and Uncertain

A Flirting Girl and a Hiccuping Wife  
Tease and Torment in Two New Films



## "Nice Girl?"

The nice girl who breaks out and scandalises the neighbourhood is Deanna Durbin (left). Her father, a professor and schoolmaster, is Robert Benchley. Her sisters are Anne Gwynne and Ann Gillis. The maid is Helen Broderick. "Nice Girl?" produced by Joe Pasternak and directed by William Seiter, went to the Odeon on Monday



The nice girl's "steady" is the boy next door, played by Robert Stack. After she has sown her innocent wild oats she marries the young man and, since he is a soldier, a visit to his camp gives Miss Durbin an excuse to sing "Thank You, America" and "There'll Always Be An England"



A handsome young scientist, who visits the nice girl's home town and stays with her professor father, is Franchot Tone. He is the cause of several escapades on the part of the nice girl (Deanna Durbin), but as he is really a nice young man, no harm comes of it in the end



## "That Uncertain Feeling"

Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas (above) and Burgess Meredith (right) are the triangular material of the latest Lubitsch picture. Merle Oberon consults a psychologist about her perpetual hiccups, gets the idea she has them because she's tired of her husband (Melvyn Douglas), is cured both of her hiccups and her boredom with matrimony by an affair with a temperamental and mercenary pianist (Burgess Meredith). Over this nonsense story Ernst Lubitsch waves with his usual success the light-hearted satirical wit of his director's wand. "That Uncertain Feeling" is at the Gaumont





# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## Rise Above It (Comedy)

**E**ENTER, cheek by jowl, the two Hermiones. The cheek being the cheek of Hermione Baddeley, the jowl being the jowl of Hermione Gingold; and the entertainment in which they join their brilliant forces being *Rise Above It*, a revue that is unusually bright, unusually gay, and both unusually and usually dirty.

The brightness and the gaiety are delightful. The dirt is not. There is a kind of broad vulgarity which, in a large theatre, is like a breath of fresh air. But dirt in an intimate revue is like sniggering in a corner, or like a small boy running into a room full of ladies, shouting a rude word, and running out again. It is not witty, though it may be ingenious, to get an illicit word, if not actually spoken on the stage, at least so implicitly past the Censor that the audience jumps to it.

And how the West End, and especially the First Night West End, does jump to it, revelling even in such simple Stock Exchange problems as: If a girl will give a man a kiss for five cigarettes, what will she give him for a hundred? The audience rocks. This is one of the early lyrics, following some poor-to-middling nursery rhymes, following a waxworks opening. And then the real fun begins, with the two Hermiones, not cheek by jowl, but back to back, as excruciating old harridans trying on excruciating new hats and delivering themselves of scintillating dialogue by Dennis Waldock, whose three sketches are three peak points in the show.

**I**N each of these sketches Hermione Baddeley triumphs mercilessly. It is hard to choose between her crumbling old cream puff of femininity in the millinery shop, her operatic smear as a Madame Butterfly beyond the nightmares of all Pinkertons, and her artist's model,

extravagantly posing in her Chelsea cups. And perhaps all these are eclipsed by her wild burlesque of acrobatic dancing with Walter Crisham (at his best) in *Boliviana*, a reckless romp written by Leslie Julian Jones, and twice as good as his original *Antigua*. This should conclude the show, but on the first night, the climax was reached to be followed by three numbers which had the depressing air of afterthoughts, belatedly expressed because one or two of the artists, such as Henry Kendall and Wilfred Hyde-White, hadn't had enough to do to keep them happy.

Having had no chance of praising Miss Baddeley in print for years, it is a pleasure to be able to rank her here with Beatrice Lillie (a very different proposition) at the very top of the revue list. But must she really descend to such preposterous pathos as that contained in the lyric, "I'm Not Really Red at Heart"? If a girl becomes active as a Communist only because she hasn't normally got a husband and a baby to occupy her attention, what about Miss Baddeley herself, who has had two of each, yet still feels impelled to keep active as an actress?

**H**ERMIONE GINGOLD, too, makes the most of her many opportunities, now as a lunch-time ballet enthusiast, now as an arty fake giving a music talk, now as a medieval warper and woofer of tapestry. What a queer dry quality she has! What a wilter, what a witherer, what a human drought she is! Her lampoons are like beating old carpets, making the dust fly up to the cobwebs in the rafters.

It is these two artists who walk away, as they should, with the show, invaluable escorted by Mr. Crisham, and prettily replaced at intervals by Prudence Hyman on her toes, and Carole Lynne, who can imitate both Frances



**Lunch Ballet:** Hermione Gingold as the would-be highbrow, who likes a bit of ballet with her lunch

Day and Judy Campbell, but has bad luck once or twice, as when a duet is interrupted by a dance that has nothing to do with it and upsets her appletart, or when she sings a sad little song about being still in love, and we should be sorry for her, but is it possible to be sorry for anybody as pretty as Carole Lynne? Which is not her fault, just her misfortune.

**I** COULDN'T be sorry for Virginia Winter either when she sang a bad strong song about a Woman on Trial for Shooting a Tough and Telling the Judge that when she Meets that Tough in Heaven she'll Shoot him Again Blackout. No—it's the fun that's the fun. No revues are much fun when they don't stick to that. But this one is a lot of fun when it does.

Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen



**Boliviana:** Hermione Baddeley, an ageing dancer putting up with some violence from the whirlwind Walter Crisham



**Tapestry Piece:** Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall, very olde worlde; Carole Lynne in Nursery Rhymes





## "Under Their Hats": the Two Hermiones

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Hermione Baddeley and Hermione Gingold, stars of intimate revue, have been brought together for the first time in *Rise Above It*, Leslie Julian-Jones's vastly entertaining new revue at the Comedy Theatre. The two Hermiones co-operate with relish and malice, burlesquing all and sundry. Here they are, in one of their joint numbers, as a couple of self-centred old dowagers trying on hats to an accompaniment of fruity gossip about themselves and the war. A criticism of this revue by Mr. Herbert Farjeon appears on the opposite page



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Putting the Clock Back

SINCE the war some old-fashioned customs are being revived down in Somerset. For instance, the weekly dances given for officers of regiments stationed in small West Country towns are very like the "Weekly Assemblies" patronised by Jane Austen's heroines in the 1790's. Nowadays you cannot go any distance without meeting a variety of horse-drawn vehicles—pony traps, gigs, and even an occasional high dog-cart bowling along, resurrected from the dust and cobwebs of some old outhouse, owing to the scarcity of petrol.

Full moon is once again an important factor when dining out, because of getting home in the black-out, and now that butter, jam, and cake ingredients are rationed, tea-drinking in itself is becoming as much of a ceremonial as when it was first introduced as a fashionable drink. At some houses you are offered a choice of four different kinds of tea, from the most exotic Chinese blends to common or garden Indian.

## Living in Somerset

LADY FIONA CONROY-ROBERTSON is now living in the village of Bishops Lydeard, Somerset, while her husband, Robert Conroy-Robertson, the Scottish portrait painter, is with a Royal Artillery training regiment, preparatory to going to an O.C.T.U.

Lady Fiona, whose chief hobby is riding, is the fourth daughter of the Countess of Loudoun—one of the women to have a title in her own right, like Lady Seafeld, and Lady Ravensdale. There is one son, Lord Mauchline, to succeed his mother, and their home, Loudoun Castle, in Scotland, is full of ghosts. Lady Loudoun also owns Ashby

Manor at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, with a very old ruin in the grounds, and an exciting secret tunnel.

## Reception for Ambassador

THERE was a reception at the Overseas' League to Ambassador and Mrs. Drexel Biddle, at which Lord Willingdon made a speech introducing them. Mr. Biddle, replying, charmed everyone by saying that Lord Willingdon's compliments applied only to his wife, who looked very dark-eyed and white-skinned in a tiered brown satin hat. Lady Willingdon was there, in beige with a wine coloured hat: she made a charming little speech welcoming back Sir Jocelyn Lucas after his accident, from which he is recovering amazingly well. Lady Lucas was with him, and at the cocktail party later on was receiving the large crowd of Allies and M.P.s. Freda Lady Forbes was another member of the welcome committee receiving, and Sir George and Lady Franckenstein were among the people who came.

## W.V.S.

THE other day I mentioned the appeal for a mobile canteen made to Australia by Mrs. Eric Palmer. The amount received has since increased to £13,000, and twenty canteens have already been ordered, and will be sent to all parts of the British Isles, each one inscribed "New South Wales to Britain." Individual people who have made donations for whole canteens are Mr. and Mrs. Burns, Mrs. and Miss Fairfax, Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. and Miss Robinson, Consolidated Press, Mrs. Ninian Thompson, the Ashton brothers, famous polo players, Mrs. A. G. White, the Dangar family, Mrs. Abigail Davis, Mr.

L. G. Pattinson, who gave three, and three anonymous ones, including one called Victory.

Mrs. Palmer handed over the cheque to Lady Iris Capel at the Ladies Carlton Club, where there was nice sherry and sandwiches, and, on the walls, splendid framed Indian embroideries of buildings, birds, fish, and flowers in simple but well spangled outline. Lady Hilbery, the judge's wife, was among the W.V.S. representatives there.

## Flag Day

LAGER rain, as so often happens, attended the Red Cross flag day. My house was called a depot, which was much cosier than being a seller, and merely meant that poor drenched people trudged in and out all day with their prickly wares stuck in cardboard trays and slung about them. The little flags, rather fussily of three sorts, are like confetti for getting into everything, and can still be picked out of cracks by hawk-eyed searchers. Local sellers included Comtesse d'Ivry, who is a Red Cross nurse, and whose children are still in France. She has their photographs in London, and is in continual dread of those being blitzed. Pamela Stanley was another Chelsea seller.

Won't increasing paper shortage do away with these emblems? Why shouldn't contributors be marked with chalk instead, as at the customs?

## Cocktail Parties

THESE merry little functions are about all that are left of private entertaining, and if the price of drink goes much further it almost looks as if it will have to come to being just tea parties. It isn't only the price, it's the difficulty of obtaining the essential ingredients, with vast emporiums doling out one bottle at a time to fretful customers, and then spending hours querying their accounts. Does a great surge of dishonesty inevitably accompany wars? Cheques and signed bills certainly don't get across anything like as blithely.

Lady Iris O'Malley was putting in time at a party, looking gorgeous, ready dressed for the evening in black with silver flowers appliqued on to the pocket of her long skirt. Mr. Kierran Tunney was there; Captain

(Concluded on page 422)



The Duke of Rutland and Miss McNeill

The Duke of Rutland and Miss Barbara McNeill, Mrs. John Dewar's daughter, were supper-time neighbours at a party at the Lansdowne one Saturday evening. He is just twenty-two, is in the Grenadier Guards, succeeded his father last year



Mr. Collins and the Hon. Esmée Harmsworth

A. V. Swaeb

At the same party at the Lansdowne were Mr. M. Collins and the Hon. Esmée Harmsworth, Viscount Rothermere's younger daughter. There have been rumours, which were denied by her father, that she was engaged to the Duke of Rutland, on whose right she sat at this party. Her elder sister Lorna was married in January to Mr. Edmund Cooper-Key



## Three Weddings



**Capt. Sir Charles Maclean and Miss Mann**

Captain Sir Charles Maclean of Duart, Scots Guards, and Miss Elizabeth Mann were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. He is the only surviving son of the late Major Hector Maclean, Yr. of Duart, and succeeded his grandfather as eleventh baronet in 1936. He is 27th Chief of the Clan Maclean. Miss Mann is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mann, of Woodside House, Windsor Forest



**Miss Margot Duke and Viscount Erleigh**

Lieut. Viscount Erleigh, the Queen's Bays, is the only son of Colonel the Marquess and the Marchioness of Reading, of Wooley Grange, Maidenhead. Miss Margot Irene Duke is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Brockham Warren, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey. They were married at St. Peter's, Walton-on-the-Hill, and spent their honeymoon in Sussex and London

In the group of parents below are Lady Reading, Mrs. Percy Duke, Mr. Duke, and Colonel Lord Reading. Lady Reading is Lord Melchett's sister. Her husband commands a Pioneer Corps Centre. Mrs. Duke is the mother of Sir Charles Mappin, Bt., by her first husband, who died in 1916



**Major Gibbs and Miss Carnegie**

Major Raymond Kenneth Gibbs and Miss Kathleen Carnegie, daughter of the late Rev. W. H. Carnegie, Canon and Sub-Dean of Westminster Abbey and Rector of St. Margaret's, and Mrs. Carnegie, of 41, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, were married at Westminster Abbey. He is the son of the late Archdeacon the Hon. Kenneth Gibbs, and the Hon. Mrs. Gibbs, of Bayford Hall, Hertford

Mrs. David Philips, sister of the bride, and Lady Elizabeth Isaacs, sister of the bridegroom, were the two bridesmaids at the Erleigh—Duke wedding, wearing Empire dress of pale blue chiffon and white lace. The little page was Timothy Philips. Captain Jack Profumo, M.P., was best man





# Social Round-about

(Continued)

Derek Tangye, Mr. Charles Harding, Mrs. Dudley Porter in a hat made of red flowers; Kathleen, Lady Domville, Mrs. Ian Lubbock in lovely green stockings, and Squadron Leader Oliver Barnett.

## South America

MR. GERALD YOUNG, now appointed to the Foreign Office in London, gave a party for South American diplomats last week. He himself is just back from Spain where he was personal assistant to Sir Samuel Hoare. His wife is a daughter of Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, our Ambassador in Istanbul. He actually met his wife when he was in China with Sir Hughe, and he was with him on that famous occasion when his car was machine-gunned. While Sir Hughe was badly hurt, Gerald Young escaped.

Among people at the party were Señor Don Jaime Arango, the handsome Minister for Columbia, Señor Federico Chermont Lisboa, of the Brazilian Embassy, Señor Don Ricardo J. Siri, and Señor Don Rodolpho Munoz, both of the Argentine Embassy.

## Books

DO the deaths of authors send people plunging back into their works? Seldom in their lives do they get such a lovely lot written about them, such tempting quotations quoted, such provocatively unqualified praise. Cumulative publicity sent me Virginia Woolf hunting, the only really vivid memory from a book of hers being a description in *The Years*, of undercooked mutton, bleeding when cut, and clinging redly to the bone. A character, revolted, reflects that mutton should not be like that. So does the reader. But what, of course, is so very impressive, is the way she can describe far-off things like the great Elizabethan frost in *Orlando* as obviously recognisable as the ordinary things which confront



Lenore



Hay Wrightson

## Engaged: Miss Prudence Elizabeth Daniel and Major Ronald Stanyforth

The engagement was announced last month of Major Ronald Thomas Stanyforth, C.V.O., M.C., and Miss Prudence Elizabeth Daniel, only daughter of the late Mr. David Daniel, and Mrs. Daniel, of Ffynone, Boncath, Pembrokeshire. He is in the 17th-21st Lancers, R.A.R.O., has been Comptroller of Household to the Duke of Gloucester since 1930, owns Kirk Hammerton Hall, near York, is the son of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. W. Stanyforth, C.B.

one every day, so that the goings-on on the frozen Thames, and the terrible effect of the thaw, are as visible as the raw mutton which one really has seen.

And now Sir Hugh Walpole is dead, re-releasing all those splendid long books to rest people's minds from the war.

## Dialogue

ENCOUNTERS with Kensington girls often result in many of the same things being said, varying slightly with topicality, but generally a lap or two behind in that line. For instance:

"My dear, some fool at the Suivi laddered

it. It'll take all my coupons to keep me in stockings alone."

"Well, but if we're called up, won't the Government supply them?"

"My dear, I don't know. Anyway, I want to go into munitions so as at least to be able to wear my own clothes."

"Well, I think the uniform can look all right, and as I do drive a car, it seems ridiculous not to drive a general or something about."

"Yes, but there's an awful lot of waiting about in that. I'm terribly energetic, I couldn't bear that. I don't mind what I do so long as it doesn't mean getting up too early."

"I couldn't agree more. Have you seen Pam's fiancé?"

"Yes, and he's not bad. But I couldn't marry anyone in the Gunners, it's such a dreary brooch." Etc.

## And Some More

NURSES have some pretty vital topics too.

"Commandant, I want to introduce our latest part-time recruit Miss So-and-so."

"Well, Miss So-and-so, if you work as hard as Miss Thingummy we shan't have any complaints. I don't know what we should do without Miss Thingummy. And how's our old man in number three to-day? Miss So-and-so must meet our old man, mustn't she?"

"He certainly is an old character. Hates being washed in the mornings, but we soon laugh him out of that. Miss So-and-so must learn to laugh him out of it too."

"See, this is fixed up as an extra surgery. What do you think of Miss Thingummy's instruments? We all say we could powder our noses in her scalpels, if we had time for that sort of thing!"

"Who's on this morning?"

"Who's off this afternoon?" Etc.



## Commander Howard-Johnston and Lady Alexandra Haig

Commander Clarence Dinsmore Howard-Johnston, R.N., and Lady Alexandra Haig were married last week at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. He is the son of the late Mr. Howard-Johnston, and Mme. Breuil de St. Germain. She is the eldest daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig of Bemersyde and the late Countess Haig. Her brother, the present Earl Haig, is serving with the Scots Greys

**Correction**—In our issue of June 4th, p. 343, under the photograph of the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Murray, it was erroneously stated that she was the only member of the A.T.S. allowed to wear a tartan skirt. In fact many Scottish companies have the privilege of wearing the tartan of the regiment to which they are affiliated. We regret this mistake.





Baron Frankie de Tuyll, son of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, and Miss Monica Sheriffe, of the Mechanised Transport Corps, were two of the keen racing and hunting people at the Newbury First June meeting



(Right) Captain and Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon were two others at Newbury. They were married at Brompton Oratory in April. He is in the Grenadier Guards and his wife is a daughter of that well-known sportsman, Captain Sir Humphrey de Trafford, and the Hon. Lady de Trafford

## Sporting Events

English and Irish Race Meetings  
at Newbury and Leopardstown:  
and a Horse Show in Kent

(Right)

Lady Ursula Vernon, elder daughter of the Duke of Westminster, rode her Blackie in the Hunters' Jumping Class, at the Scamperdale "Keep Your Chin Up" Horse Show, held at Edenbridge to help the local Prisoners of War Fund



Lady Ursula Vernon on Blackie

Pool, Dublin



(Left) Miss Sheila White and Major John W. Wofford, American Military Attaché in Dublin, were snapped at Leopardstown Races. They are both famous show jumpers, she in Ireland, he in the U.S. national team, in which he has ridden in all parts of the world

(Right) Miss Joan Hill-Dillon, now in the A.T.S., younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. S. S. Hill-Dillon, of Navan, went racing with her fiancé, Mr. John Burkhardt, son of Colonel V. R. Burkhardt, and of Mrs. Burkhardt, of Claydene, Edenbridge, Kent





# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHILE the cry "More tanks!" waxes ever louder, we were glad to hear from an officer of the Royal Tank Corps last week that the conversation of that admirable body is also soaring to a higher level.

You may recollect that Lawrence of Arabia, that strange tortured genius—if you have read his letters edited by David Garnett—was revolted by the chatter of his little Tank Corps messmates when he joined as a ranker in the 1920's, after leaving the R.A.F. the first time. "Cat-calling carnality," "a moral-medical case-book," "a pervading animality of spirit," "unmixed bestiality which frightens and hurts me," are some of Lawrence's descriptions of bedtime conversation in his hut at Bovington, and he could hardly praise the R.A.F. ("foulmouthed, and the cleanest little mob") enough by comparison. Our information is that Lawrence's criticisms so shamed the Tank boys that they now talk practically like Henry James characters, with exquisite refinement and subtle allusiveness. We asked why, and our friend said well, they're reading the *TATLER-BYSTANDER* Film Page more regularly than they did, for one thing.

## Afterthought

INCIDENTALLY we feel that Fleet Street, by insisting on christening Major Glubb "a second Lawrence of Arabia," is going to confuse the popeyed citizenry, who already have enough headline Lawrences to cope with, what with Lawrence of the Mutiny, T. E., D. H., and Gertie. T. E. ("of Arabia")

thought D. H. a "silly, angry creature," and never met his other namesake Gertie, apparently. She could have taught him how to embarrass the R.A.F. big shots with a gayer insouciance, maybe.

## Clanjamfry

THOSE Scottish Home Guards who have been recently ticked off for fussing round German air-men prisoners with cups of tea and what-not have not yet, apparently, received a resounding kick in the pants from their Nordic guests, who have a great contempt for softness of any kind. When this happens, the thing to do is to run and get the Boche a whisky and a cigar, probably.

Before the clachan rings with the dismal yammering of poor old Mrs. Cosy Comfort, who is due before long for a rap on the snozzle in exchange for that plate of bannocks, let us beware of dragging Barrie into this business, as one enthusiast has already done. Barrie, as one or two of his biographers have pointed out, had a hard streak. This he managed to conceal from the Island Race by feeding it golden syrup in large quantities and keeping its attention fixed on the fairies. He was an exception, also. Our experience of Scotland is that those rugged hearts are soft all through except on Sundays, when they will see you die before they will give you a single drop of water, as nearly happened to us in the Calvinist wilds of Inverness-shire some years ago.



"Me too?"

To reconcile six-day softheartedness with harsh knobby exteriors and iron purpose is not difficult; it is Nature's compensatory machinery like giving sahibs small, narrow, beautifully-shaped heads with absolutely nothing inside.

We pass this information on to the Race, who are so terrified of the Scots that every time a Reith or an Eliot speaks to them they dribble all down their pinafores. Yet at heart those formidable figures are just little mothers, a chap tells us.

## Gulf

NONE of the highbrow weeklies, moralising on the late Kaiser, has as yet commented on a significant difference between Wilhelm II's Germany and Hitler's. The All-Highest, having composed and produced an opera, got a respectful but determined razz from the German musical world and nearly all the critics. Can you see that happening if Hitler turned composer?

It was while the Kaiser, after digesting this affront, was conquering new fields in his silver Lohengrin armour that there appeared in *The Path to Rome* a considered opinion of him and his people which has never been bettered in truth, point and brevity (1902):

They are of necessity histrionic. . . . They must be play-actors to be happy, and therefore to be efficient; and if I were Lord of Germany . . . I should put great golden feathers on my helmet, I should use rhetorical expressions, spout monologues in public, organise wide cavalry charges at reviews, and move through life generally to the crashing of an orchestra.

For only thus (added young Mr. Belloc kindly) could "a vulgar, short, and diseased man, who dabbled in stocks and shares and was led by financiers," become a hero. All this duly happened. .

## Ikon

HITLER'S method is even more skilful, appealing to the cloudy mysticism of the Prussian mind as well as to its love of noise and brute force. Apparently there are pictures or ikons of Hitler sold in Germany now with a nimbus surrounding the head, and an invocation below; which cultus, we dare surmise, is another thing poor Frau Schickelgrüber never dreamed of as she listened to baby Adolf's baptismal yells. And there are cretins going about talking complacently of the imminent

(Concluded on page 426)



"Turn down the wireless, Walter, I don't know if that was a bomb or just Catherine coming downstairs"





An all-purposes kneeler has a tool-box under the sponge-mat which cushions the gardener's knees, and a trough in front to hold seedlings or small plants. Americans have turned inventive about gardening gadgets because "suburbanites, penthouse gardeners and window-box diggers now take their work so seriously that they are beginning to demand special clothing for their nature-fussing"



Hands get transparent gloves (25 cents to an American buyer) to keep the grime away. Note also the saw-edged trowel which digs extra deep holes

## Save Your Knees—

—And Your Hands and  
Your Clothes; America  
Shows Gardeners How

**Knees**—your own, and those of your stockings or trousers—always pay the price of gardening enthusiasm. But not if you wear the new, neat sponge-rubber shields which the "New Yorker" liked enough to put on its front cover. Maybe America will lease or lend a few of these to diggers for victory over here. Or a gross or two of gardening aprons with rubber-quilted knee-pieces



A water-wand to fit on the end of the hose is another new whim. The gardener's overshirt and striped trousers are specially treated to keep out dirt and damp





# Standing By ...

(Continued)

"cracking" of a people like that, before we really sock them, would ya believe it?

## Feat

HAVING endured the Albert Hall acoustics with bitter mewings ever since the place was built, music-lovers, we find, can hardly believe even now that those air-pockets have been banished at last by sound-film engineers from Denham.

In our unfortunate view, although this feat will greatly benefit the galleries public during the current Prom. season, it completely ruins the *idea* of the Albert Hall, which is meant to annoy. The appalling roundness of its shape, that outer frieze, the terracotta ensemble, the fact that the Albert Memorial has never been stuck on top of it, as contemporary critics advised, the garish rococo of the interior, and the prevailing acoustics, making Chaliapin himself practically inaudible in the upper tiers—all these irritants were deliberately devised by whistled Victorian sadists to hurt posterity. Poring over the blue prints, iron-faced hags in huge black bonnets would sternly point out ways of hurting which the architects had missed, and beat them viciously with umbrellas. Lady Blessington might have issued an ultimatum from Kensington Gore, but she was bankrupt and gone, and d'Orsay as well, alas.

There were decent people in Knightsbridge and Rutland Gate, and even in parts of Kensington—Edwards Square, for instance—who might have protested against the Albert Hall. They endured it with a pharisaical shrug, with the result that later generations have made the Indian Sign at their houses, their glory has perished, and their great-granddaughters look simply terrible.

## Figure

THAT curiously acidulated note in Auntie *Times's* obituary of Hugh Walpole (Auntie's obituaries being generally dulcet as a fairy's kiss, and sometimes cloying as Turkish Delight) is still puzzling us. Auntie's boy described Walpole as "a sentimental egotist," and remarked on his singular sensitiveness to criticism and his habit of perpetually writing pleased, hurt, or explanatory letters to reviewers of his books.

Fans of Somerset Maugham will recollect that the novelist Alroy Kear in *Cakes and Ale*, that lovely gibe at the booksy racket, has precisely these traits, among other Walpolesque ones, and you may remember that shortly after *Cakes and Ale* came out an indignant booksy girl published in Walpole's behalf a counter-attack called *Gin and Bitters*, which fell dead at birth, plop. The shocked surprise of Maugham at being accused of taking a crack at Hugh Walpole (Alroy Kear is a *composite* portrait, he carefully explained) demonstrates that booksy girls should never jump feverishly to conclusions.

## Reaction

A STRIKING thing about Apple-Cheeked (or Uncle) Hugh, as everybody called him, was that when asked at parties he invariably attributed his Pickwickian geniality to having been through such hell at school that everything that had happened to him since seemed heavenly. The most usual result of going through hell at prep. or public school, as you know, is a crop of parlour Reds and drawing-room anarchists, as a leading Bloomsbury Kommissar has frankly admitted in his own case.

It says something for Walpole that instead of becoming an Enemy of Society at the age of 10 he just beamed on everybody at parties and showed real kindness to young booksy neophytes, misplaced as such encouragement must frequently seem to the judicious.

## Change

THOSE V.C. medals of the Crimean War recently auctioned at Glendining's revived a vivid memory of nursery days: a dumpy, faded Victorian volume, brown-covered and faintly gilt; an engraving of a hairy greatcoated V.C. picking up a smoking cannon-ball the size of a plum-pudding, before Inkerman and tossing it back with effortless ease; a group of the jackbooted General Staff, looking like a godlike but self-conscious German band; a huddle of wounded soldiers at Scutari, stiffly attitudinised like Apostles in a minor Old Master, hailing Florence Nightingale. No criticisms of the Staff polluted the prim, bland flow of letterpress accompanying these pictures. No advice, either.

Times have enormously changed. Each fresh British setback in this war adds shrill new critics and advisers to the number of those Fleet Street boys already advising, scolding, warning, and prophesying. The Staff must be half deafened by the noise every time it changes its earplugs, especially on Sundays, when the North Britons join in and the racket resembles Niagara.

## Pang

NOSTALGIA for the Champs-Élysées every June is so normal that you too, probably, whenever you see the two words in cold print, smell at once a well-remembered fragrance in a mist of green and blue, and feel a fugitive lilt and sparkle in the air, and hear the fountains plashing at the Rond-Point du côté de chez Sherry? No? Our mistake.

Anyhow, what we don't understand—and doubtless Harley Street has a word for it—is that while we were reading an article about the hopeless misery of Paris the other day we felt a strong sudden pang of regretful affection for all the cross, badtempered, underpaid minor officialdom of Paris, which is more rich in surly unhelpful faces glaring from behind brass rails and wickets and ticket-holes than any place we know. Little they knew, when they made themselves so unpleasant, what was coming to them! There was a female official at the Bibliothèque Nationale (where the higher hierarchy was always full of courtesy and help) who despised us so much for wanting to look things up that we thought she would have died of it, poor sweetheart. At whom does she dart those looks of offended loathing now?

It would be terrible to go back to Paris some day and find rows and rows of smiling faces behind all those guichets. Can you think of a worse nightmare?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Mind the cross-roads, Alfie!"



## Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“And anyway, Sheik, in forty years from now Hitler will be ninety”





THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER  
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Modern Drama: "The Light of Heart" at the Globe Theatre

Angus McBean



Emlyn Williams has made some alterations in his highly successful play, back in London at the Globe Theatre after a long provincial tour. He himself takes the chief part, now changed to the brother, instead of the father of the heroine. He is seen on left with Mrs. Lothian (Elliot Mason), who gives a brilliant performance of the ex-gallery girl admirer of the drunken actor. Angela Baddeley as his self-sacrificing crippled sister, Catrin, seen on right with Peter Glenville, her musician lover (a difficult part formerly played by Anthony Ireland), proves herein the greatness of her acting power

## Stage Fare

Four Courses on the Menu



### In Cabaret

The talented Hedli Anderson is one of George Black's discoveries who appeared in "Black Vanities," and later made a great hit with her Victorian song, "She Was Poor But She Was Honest," in Ridgeway's Late Joys at the Players' Theatre. Since then she has been in C. B. Cochran's Trocabaret and in many other West End floor shows



### At Stratford

Olga Edwardes is a well-known Shakespearean actress. For many months she was a permanent member of Donald Wolfit's hard-working company, giving Lunchtime Shakespeare at the Strand Theatre. She is shown here as Miranda in "The Tempest" when she appeared at Stratford-on-Avon in the Shakespeare Festival, where she also took the part of Olivia in "Twelfth Night"

### Left: Gilbert and Sullivan

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company started a season of Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy Theatre last week. Marjorie Eyre and Sydney Granville are two popular Savoyards who are welcome back. Here they are seen as Pritti-Sing and Pooh-Bah in "The Mikado," which delightful opera will be performed eight times during the present four weeks' season





THE TATLER  
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Deborah Dering has recently been posing for Robin Guthrie, who was working in the photograph above on his crayon sketch of her. On the right she tried out another position against a background of Guthrie portraits. Algernon Newton, A.R.A., and Margaretta Scott, the actress, can be seen behind Miss Dering

## An Artist and a Dancer

### A Visit to Robin Guthrie's Studio

It is nearly two years since Robin Guthrie had his last one-man show at the Fine Arts Society Gallery. At the moment two pictures of his—a portrait of Sir Percy Loraine and an American landscape—can be seen in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition. Guthrie has done a good deal of work in America, and for two years was director of the Boston Museum School of Fine Art. Recently he has been working on a crayon sketch of Deborah Dering, whose dancing is well known to followers of the Rambert and London ballet companies, and he is at the moment finishing a portrait of Claire Luce. Conversation pieces of the Duff Coopers, and of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny are among his better-known works; others belong to the Tate and National Portrait Galleries, and the British and Victoria and Albert Museums. Mural painting is a medium in which he is also interested. He is a member of the New English Art Club

On the right Guthrie works at his portrait of Gale Rennie, the film actress

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick







Lady Trenchard, who is a Chief Com-  
mandant (i.e., Lieut.-Col.) in the  
T.S., went down to see her younger  
son, the Hon. Thomas Trenchard. With  
him is Lance-Corporal D. Oldham



Ordinary Seaman Simon Warrender, Sir Victor  
Warrender's second son, talked to Sub-Lieut. and  
Mrs. Peter Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence, a former  
Eton master, is in the R.N.V.R. His wife's  
father is another master, the Hon. George Lyttelton



Lady Belper has two sons at Eton, the Hon. Peter  
Strutt, seventeen this year, and the Hon. Desmond  
Strutt, two years younger. Their father, Lord  
Belper, is an Old Harrovian, but Lady Belper's  
father, the Hon. D. A. Tollemache, was at Eton



Lieut. R. V. C. W.  
W. K. Hedley discusses  
Ramblers played a dr  
School on Agar's Plough  
Ramblers' Second XI's

# Eton's Fourth of June Family Parties in the Afternoon Sunshine



C. E. W. Sheepshanks and  
R. H. Twining opened  
batting for the Eton Ramblers.  
The latter made 52 runs out of  
the 253 at which the Ramblers  
declared for six wickets



H. M. Chinnery cap-  
tained the Eton XI, which had made  
a record when stumps were down  
his father, Mr. E.

A joint picnic was organised by the Hon.  
Holland-Hibbert and her sister, Lady Sergison  
of the G.O.C. London District. Mrs. Holland-Hi-  
bert's son Michael and her two daughters Lavinia and  
her, and Lady Sergison-Brooke's son sat on the se-

Watching—and Not  
Watching—the Cricket  
on Agar's Plough

Captain and Mrs. A. K. Charlesworth  
had a picnic lunch with their son,  
D. Charlesworth, and Mrs. Charles-  
worth's nephew, Charles Markham, son  
and heir of Sir Charles Markham, Bt.







et and Lieut.  
t. The Eton  
ch against the  
the School and  
m Upper Field



Miss Susan Marriott walked round with B. C. Pemberton, K.S., who, with Young, distinguished himself as the Greek chorus in A. E. Housman's parody of a Greek tragedy. He also had work on view in the Drawing Schools exhibition.



Mrs. John Cookson was another mother who wore uniform to visit her young son Michael. She was Miss Mary Askew and is the sister of Mr. John Askew, who married Lord Ellesmere's fourth daughter.

THE TATLER  
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The Hon. Lady Chichester was with her fifteen-year-old son Patrick. He is a half-brother of the present baronet, Lieut. Sir Edward Chichester. His mother is a niece of Lord Deramore.



the Eton  
or three  
is with  
innery



E. H. Spooner, son of R. H. Spooner, the well-known cricketer, played for Eton against the Ramblers.



The Second XI. Played Their Match Before a Sprinkling of Spectators



Alfred  
wife  
her  
with  
her



Two of the day's cricketers lunched in the grassy car-park—Captain Sir John Child, who played for the Ramblers' Second XI., and Mr. Lane Fox, who played for the First XI. With them are Lady Child, who comes from Montreal, and Lieut. Micklem.



# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## Unscrupulous Von Ribbentrop

PERSONALLY, among the gang, to Goebbels and Von Ribbentrop I grant first place in my loathing and contempt. Of the other two, the one is a pathological case probably, and the other just a bit of fat, blustering evil. It is the calculated unscrupulousness of the two former which gives one a kind of vomiting of the mind. Especially in the case of Ribbentrop; about whom, in his book, *Von Ribbentrop is Still Dangerous* (Rich and Cowan; 16s.), Mr. Douglas Glen writes so vigorously and with so much knowledge. He calls him "the travelling salesman of National Socialism," but his personality and his means are even an insult to the political commodity which he represents.

Ribbentrop was born in April 1892. His home was in the Rhineland. His family represented obscurity with pretensions. It included, however, a near well-known in the person of Baron Frederick, from whom in later life Ribbentrop acquired the title of Freiherr. In his youth he spent some years in Switzerland, France and England, where he learnt to speak several foreign languages fluently; a gift which has always impressed

Hitler, who can only speak his own, though he can roar it until it becomes a wordy torrent. For some years he worked in Canada, where his "German mind" conceived the idea that whatever might happen neither Britain nor the Empire would ever fight again on a large scale. The colossal psychological ignorance of this German mind when it is dealing with anything but the baser and more cowardly side of human nature has surely never been better represented than in Von Ribbentrop.

During the Great War he smuggled himself on board a Dutch cargo steamer and managed to escape detention by British naval officers by hiding in the coal-bunkers. As the war progressed he found himself in America, where, under the orders of Von Papen, he effected several successful acts of sabotage. After the war was over he returned to his business life and became a remarkably clever salesman in Scotch whisky and Pommery champagne. So successful was he that soon he was taken on by the well-known German firm of Henkell, where, with his good looks, he was quickly welcomed into the family circle. He married the daughter of Otto Henkell.

## A Policy of Greed and Cruelty

BY nature he was able to scent the main chance from afar, and as soon as he saw that National Socialism would probably seize power he joined the ranks and quickly became one of Hitler's most valuable friends and allies. Especially on the social side, Hitler he "groomed" for high station in manners and general deportment. And all the time he was in the thick of the intrigues which brought the Nazis into power and kept them there. This gave his own natural conceit and ambition their every chance. With his knowledge of foreign countries he soon became Hitler's foreign adviser, and presently rivalled in power and influence the accredited Foreign Ministry, headed by Neurath. As a careerist this was his golden opportunity. He became Ambassador to Britain, though he failed utterly to achieve anything other than contempt and dislike in this country; starting with his cry of "Heil Hitler!" when he presented his Letters of Credence to the King. His wife, too, was almost equally unpopular. Probably it was this social and personal failure to impress which wounded his conceit and made him leave London a vindictive man against this country. His failure to understand our character would have been amusing had it not led to such disastrous results.

According to Mr. Glen, Ribbentrop is so completely engrossed with his own wisdom and importance that his ignorance of anything, or anyone else, is superlative. No wonder he became one of Hitler's worst advisers. Even his so-called diplomatic "successes" have only achieved a hatred against Germany which will one day—probably sooner rather than later—engulf him and the evil for which he and the rest of the Hitler gang stand. His success so far has been the success of a man who, utterly without principles, has achieved merely spectacular successes for the moment. The day of reckoning draws near. This is how the writer himself describes him: "He comes ready for any vile bargain to gain a confederate by dividing with him what is stolen or is still to be stolen from the weak. Before these he appears armed with the threat of overwhelming force, despoiling them to bribe and corrupt the strong. His weapons are lies, treachery, fear, and an opportunism that is wholly without sense of shame."

It is a grim study of an obnoxious character which Mr. Glen has given us, but with all our own knowledge of the subject it rings disturbingly true. And yet why "disturbingly"? Such men always find their own Waterloo, though in the past they have usually escaped the direst sentence of their evil acts. Let us hope, however, that when this war is over, these Nazi leaders will be allowed no safe refuge in some foreign country to live comfortably for the rest of their lives on the spoils they have garnered throughout their criminal career. When the time comes, let us make examples of all warmongers, starting from the very top. In past wars the common people have suffered often enough. Let men like Von Ribbentrop be made to pay their price also—and pay it in full.

## An Old Doctor Talks

I ALWAYS listen when a doctor talks about humanity and life in general. With lawyers they probably know more about human nature in the plain and raw than anyone else who deals in human material; certainly far more than clergymen, as a rule. So I was interested all the way

(Concluded on page 434)



Symphony Fortnight at the Coliseum

Charles Gregory, the chairman, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the conductor, and Thomas Matthews, the first violin, were in consultation about the two-week session of orchestral music by the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Coliseum, which Jack Hylton presented. The series of concerts began on Whit Monday, and concluded last Saturday. On Sunday, Dr. Sargent was conducting the Royal Choral Society and the L.P.O. at the Albert Hall





Miss Gem Hoahing, "the Chinese Lenglen," winner of the Junior Championships in 1936, was with Mr. S. C. Hellings, the new secretary of Queen's Club. Gem Hoahing does A.R.P. work, and plays in many matches for the Red Cross

## Charity Tennis

A Party at Roehampton Club  
in Aid of the Red Cross

To raise funds for the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, a number of tennis parties with exhibition matches are being given. A very successful one took place at Roehampton Club. Lady Crosfield, chairman of the lawn-tennis sub-committee of the Red Cross, is herself a keen player, and has represented Greece in tennis matches, and was nominated by that country to play at Wimbledon



Second Lieutenant R. J. Ritchie ("Dickie" to his friends) and his wife, who recently presented him with a daughter, had a chat to C.S.M. Jones, of the Middlesex Regiment. The latter served throughout the last war, and is now enjoying army life once more. When tennis professional at Queen's, he used to coach R. J. Ritchie as a boy



Lady Crosfield, widow of Sir Arthur Crosfield, Mrs. Miller, wife of Col. Charles Miller, of Roehampton Club; Miss Papalexopoulou, a niece of Lady Crosfield; and the Turkish Ambassador, H.E. Dr. Aras, were snapped in the Club gardens

Photographs by  
D. R. Stuart

Mrs. Glover, formerly Miss Nancy Lyle, was with her husband, Captain Philip Glover, R.N., who is still the Naval tennis champion, and now working at the Admiralty. Nancy Lyle represented England in the Wightman Cup doubles from 1934 to 1936

Free France was well represented in the exhibition matches at Roehampton. Corporal Teddy Lotan and Maréchal des Logis Pascal Merlin were amongst them. The former has often partnered the King of Sweden in tournaments in the South of France

Flying Officer G. C. A. Holt is an ex-Harrobian cricketer and rackets player, and a Cambridge Double Blue. He was photographed at the Red Cross tennis party at Roehampton with Miss Vera Woods, who was selling programmes





## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

through *The Doctor and His Patients* (John Lane; 12s. 6d.), by Arthur E. Hertzler. It may not be a very profound book, but it is intensely readable, simply because the writer speaks from his own experiences and observations. If the book has one general theme more pronounced than any other, it is the problem of married happiness. He bases this happiness far less on the sexual side than on the fact of children. Children, he asserts, are essential to married happiness. Not only are they a mutual interest between parents, but the fact that they are there, a human link between them, can often provide a saving line over the chasms of temperament, character and the pitfalls of human nature which break up so many homes, looking so all-important at the moment and meaning so very little in the long stretch of years which lie ahead.

Although the doctor advocates the limitation of families according to the welfare which parents are able to provide from their time and means, children are, in his view, the most important factor in the human world. The influences which still exist, and at one time used to hamper and frustrate the child-mind, religious and moral, he attacks with all his forces. Mind you, his experiences belong to an earlier day, but nevertheless his criticisms are well worth pondering over still.

Believing so greatly in the sacredness of the child, he is naturally opposed to war—all wars. It is an estimable sentiment, but one would like to ask him, if this war were lost for freedom and democracy, what chance would children have in a Nazi-ridden world to develop truthfulness, honesty, kindness, or enjoy to the full the fruits of mental liberty and, within limitations, of course, freedom of action as well?

### A Plain Record

DR. HERTZLER writes plainly and simply, and there is no pretence throughout his book of writing "beautifully." He writes what he thinks, and to read him is rather like listening to a man, human and understanding and with a nice sense of humour, summing up human beings and their affairs as experience has taught him to deliver a verdict. To illustrate his main theory regarding married happiness, he takes two people through all the stages of life from childhood, adolescence, marriage and old age—always, of course, a family life which includes children and a single-minded unselfishness in their regard—and shows by anecdote and observation among his patients just how the main pitfalls happen, can be faced, triumphed over, and eventually ignored. Which, taking it all in all, is very useful knowledge to possess and, at any rate, stands boldly up to a problem which nearly every married couple have to solve some time or another in their married lives.

### A Good Story

A GOOD story which has nothing whatever to do with the war often finds an eager welcome. Seeing that the war never gets away from us, it is sometimes wise to get away from the war. We listen religiously to as much radio news as we can and become elated or depressed according to what the announcer has to tell us. In either case, we cannot ourselves do anything about it, but something forces us to listen just the same. Occasionally, however, events prevent us from hearing or reading anything, and, say what we will, the result—though we shall never repeat it if we can avoid doing so—is rather like a kind of holiday.

Therefore, if anyone can go away for a holiday I would advise them, if only for their own mental and emotional good, never to open a newspaper or listen-in. It will be hard to break the habit, I know, but it is the best kind of escape nevertheless. There is really no other, anyway. Get right away

if you can into the heart of the country and simply force yourself to live as closely as possible to Nature, who is now at her loveliest, and pretend at least that everything is over and that your own life has again become something approaching your own. In the interim things, of course, will have happened, but, to repeat, as you can't do anything about them yourself—seize the golden opportunity for a brief forgetfulness. Beauty and calm are so precious, more precious than they have ever been, since, maybe, there is no time to be lost. And should you want to read a good novel in which the incidents are dramatic, the characterisation excellent, and the whole a good entertainment, then read Mr. Philip Hughes's *Ragged Robin* (Collins; 8s.).

The heroine, Sally, is an egoist, but a very nice egoist—which few egoists ever are. She is illegitimate and her real surname is Potby, but her dream is to rise in the social scale and be mistaken for a real lady while being acknowledged a celebrity. So, after a strenuous time at the College for Dramatic Art, where she assumes the name of Sarah Spencer-Dysart, she goes on the stage and makes a highly successful debut. In fact, she is beginning to see her dream come half-way true when, in a Brighton hotel, she makes friends with a family named Hewingtons who are also staying there, and soon begin to take her at her own valuation. Unfortunately, Sally is staying at the hotel with her producer and this gentleman is also a crook. This upsets every apple-cart completely and leads to complications which take all Sally's natural charm and cleverness to sort out satisfactorily in the end.

In the meanwhile, some highly dramatic and awkward incidents arise, though, thanks to the charming manner in which Mr. Hughes has drawn his heroine's character, the effect is lighthearted and thoroughly entertaining. Yes, for a bit of escape fiction for a long journey, a holiday or a day's rest, *Ragged Robin* is exactly the kind of story I can willingly recommend.



Wartime Visitors to Wales: Paymaster-Lieut. and Mrs. Frank Bowden and Their Elder Son

F. J. Goodman

Paymaster-Lieutenant Frank Bowden spent a few days' leave from the R.N.V.R., with his family at Bronllys Castle, Talgarth, Breconshire. His wife, to whom he was married in 1937, is a clever and intellectual Rumanian, extremely artistic with a flair for decoration, as exemplified in the renovations carried out at their Oxfordshire home, Thame Park

Three-year-old Adrian Harold Bowden is the elder of the two sons of Pay.-Lieut. Frank Bowden, by his second marriage. His younger brother, Aubrey Francis, was born last year. He is a grandson of Sir Harold Bowden, Bt., of South Manor, Ruddington, a former High Sheriff of Notts, an industrial magnate, whose commercial interests are centred on the manufacture of motors



## In Scotland

Three Christenings and a  
Sporting Date at a Hospital



### In Forfarshire

James Kennedy Torquil Munro, who was christened recently, is the son of Sir Torquil Munro, Bt., and Lady Munro, of Lindertis House, Kirriemuir. They have a four-year-old daughter, Fiona, and Sir Torquil Munro has a fourteen-year-old son by his first marriage. Lady Munro was Miss Moira Hunter



### At Melrose



### In Peeblesshire

Lord and Lady Craigmyle were spectators at a staff-and-patients sports meeting at Peel Hospital. At the back on the left is Miss McFarlane, the matron, and in front of her is the Hon. Jean Shaw, the Craigmyle's eldest daughter. Lord Craigmyle's place is Fairnilee, near Galashiels



### At Selkirk

Simon Humphrey Scott-Plummer is the baby son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Scott-Plummer, of Mainhouse, Farm, Kelso. In the group here are Sec.-Lieut. J. Davidson, godfather, Captain Gavin Scott-Plummer, who is in the Gloucester Regiment, and his wife, Mr. H. Scott-Plummer, godfather, and the Dowager Lady Kinross, the baby's grandmother. Mrs. Scott-Plummer was the Hon. Pamela Balfour before her 1933 wedding, is Lord Kinross's eldest sister. She and her husband have a daughter born in 1935

Alastair John Platt is another baby boy recently christened in Scotland. He is the son of Captain and Mrs. Platt, of Muirhouse, St. Boswells. In the group on the left are Mr. R. Stormond Darling, godfather, Mrs. Platt, the nurse and baby, the Hon. Mrs. Balfour, godmother, and in front are Rosemary and Sarah Platt. Captain Platt is serving with the 3rd Hussars



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Next Year's Derby and Oaks

THE accent in the first place is on the date, just as an indication of what we think of the latest efforts by the Huns' propaganda machine; and in the second place on the first-class chances of Royal victories in the big classics. As next year will probably be the victory year, a win of this calibre for his Majesty would be a very fitting climax, and at the same time a just reward by Dame Fortune for the fine courage which has been, and still is, such an inspiration to the whole Empire. Why should we not be entitled to think that the King will win one or other of the 1942 classics? Myrobella colt, who I still think should be named War Chieftain, may easily be the best two-year-old of his sex.

## The Rivals

UNFORTUNATELY the meeting between the King's crack and Lord Derby's Umballa, the other outstanding two-year-old, did not take place in the Woodcote at Newbury on the 7th, but it is quite possible that if it had the King's colt would have finished in front of his rival. Umballa was beaten a short head by Ubiji, with Gold Nib, a recent winner of the May Stakes at Newmarket, half a length away third. Myrobella colt has won three times straight off the reel; the Hurstbourne Plate (five furlongs), at Salisbury, April 19th, very easily by three-quarters of a length; the Cranbourne Stakes (five furlongs), at Salisbury, May 9th, in a canter; and the Salisbury Plate (five furlongs), on June 2nd, by a length fairly comfortably. The only thing not yet certain is whether the staying Bahram blood will overbalance the Tetra-tema strain, which this colt gets through Myrobella. As to the "spindle" side of things, the Clarence filly by Hyperion which his Majesty has also leased from the National Stud, in the same way as King Edward VII. leased Minoru, the Derby winner of 1909, has just squandered the

opposition in the Acorn Plate at Newbury. The omens therefore look very favourable.

## King's Champions

THE death of Sir Raul de Crespigny marks the end of the last of the sons of that very outstanding figure, Sir Claude, and is a cause of much personal grief to hosts of people both in the Brigade of Guards and out of it. Raul de Crespigny was the last of the sons, and the baronetcy of the King's Champions now descends to another branch of this ancient family, members of which fought in the First Crusade and were Champions to the Dukes of Normandy and Brittany. Like all the rest of the sons of Sir Claude, Raul de Crespigny was possessed of that quite indescribable attribute called personal magnetism. That is the nearest I think that you can get to it. They all had it, especially Sir Claude himself. Some thought it was just their toughness which attracted. Tough they were, but it was something more than that which drew the regard.

Phil de Crespigny, who was the heir-presumptive, died some little time ago. He was a sailor and a shipmate of someone we all know, "Skipper" Ward. Claude, another brother, was a cavalry soldier and was killed in the last war, and poor "Creeps," another brother, who was in the Household Cavalry, met a tragic end.

Raul de Crespigny, like most of them, was a first-class man on a horse and rode well between the flags, as also did "Creeps."

## Jumping the Rails

THE stories of the exploits of the famous head of the house, Sir Claude, are of course very numerous, but I wonder how many know of the strange bet he won when he was serving in the 60th in India? Sir Claude backed himself to drive a tandem over the rails of a racecourse in India, and to arrive the other side still alive. He won his bet. The cart to which he harnessed



D. R. Stuart

## Cambridge Cricketers

Two Freshmen are pretty certain of getting their Blues in the wartime 'Varsity cricket match to be played at Lord's on June 28. They open the Cambridge innings together and are Hugh E. Watts (Downside and Peterhouse), who played for Somerset as a schoolboy last season, and Michael R. Holman (Rugby and Jesus), Captain of Rugby last summer

two bold-jumping horses, was of the kind called bamboo, so beloved by subalterns in those times, and made by some Parsee expert in Lucknow, whose name I cannot recall. The racecourse rails knocked the cart to matchwood, but Sir Claude and his horses got the other side all right, and when you come to think it out you may realise that it took a bit of doing!

## "Ich Speise . . . Du Frist!"

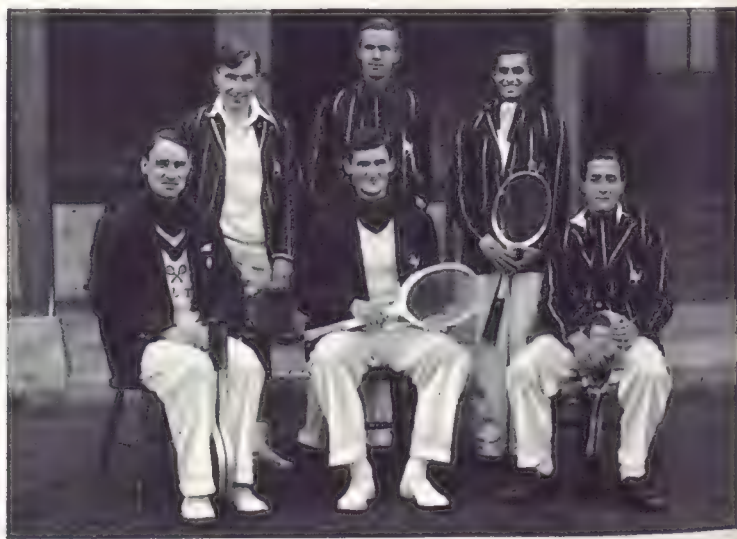
THESE words, as is submitted, sum up the character of Wilhelm II. the Ambitious. Bombastes Furioso was a neutral-tinted creature by comparison. His personal vanity was prodigious, and he was a bully, like most conceited persons, for just so long as no one called his bluff—but it is not proven that he was, again like all bullies, a personal coward. He fled in 1918 because Hindenburg, Ludendorff and Tirpitz told him quite plainly that it would do Germany no good if he were either assassinated or captured. It was level money betting about each of these contingencies in October-November of that year.

Both Lord Lonsdale, whose guest he was at Lowther upon one occasion, and



Inter-Varsity Lawn Tennis at Oxford: Cambridge Beat Oxford

Oxford lost the Inter-Varsity match to Cambridge by one rubber. Sitting: B. J. A. Kaye (Stowe and Trinity), G. H. Lawton (Melbourne, Australia, and St. Catharine's; captain), L. M. Minford (Shrewsbury and Balliol; secretary). Standing: P. H. Nye (Charterhouse and Balliol), N. Dudley Cox (Charterhouse and Trinity), P. C. Reynell (Rugby and Balliol)



D. R. Stuart

Cambridge beat Oxford in the annual lawn tennis by 8 matches to 7. Sitting: D. C. Argyle (Marlborough and Trinity Hall), H. A. Clark (Taunton and Pembroke; captain), R. S. Pinquet (Bedford and King's). Standing: J. R. Bridger (Rugby and Clare), J. R. Pelmore (Wrekin and Clare), M. A. Dalal (Barnes and Trinity Hall)





### A War Prisoner's Possible Derby Winner

Lieut. Francis Trelawny Williams, taken prisoner at Calais (son by her first marriage, of Baroness Rendlesham), owns Fairy Prince, who recently won his first race, a Derby test at Salisbury. He will be ridden in the Derby by F. Lane, winner of the race in 1932, on April the Fifth. C. Pratt, the trainer, is seen giving instructions to his head lad, Thomas Rogers, before he takes Fairy Prince out exercising

Mr. Winston Churchill, who also knew the Kaiser intimately, would probably endorse the fact that he was not lacking in personal valour. He was overweeningly fond of himself; he was a fop and he was spiteful—witness the Charlottenburg incident, the arrest of his English mother, who liked him no better than did his grandmother and his uncle. He was always ticketed a bouncer, and the "Ich speise" story, which was well authenticated by, amongst others, his Young Hopeful, who was not on particularly good terms with him at the time when this story was first put forth, is a good index of his character. The story went like this. One evening when the Kaiser was at dinner at Potsdam, he sent one of his orderlies to summon a member of his personal staff, one Major Von Blank, to The Presence. The orderly returned and said "that the Herr Major was dining." "Dining!" roared the Kaiser. "I dine; the Herr Major eats; and as for you—you graze!"

### Kronprins

It was always freely said, and the inspiration probably emanated from Prince Wilhelm, that, if he and not his father had been the ruler of Germany when the relations between our two nations began to get rather the worse for wear, there would not have been that final explosion, which is the real root-cause of this present trouble. The Crown Prince was almost more British than the British, and during the time that he was the guest of the British Cavalry Regiment, of which the Kaiser was Colonel-in-Chief (the 1st Royal Dragoons, the senior regiment of the cavalry of the line), they liked him, as did so many other people who came into personal contact with him in India.

With the exception of the fact that he was too much corned-up, as you might say, and gave his rather elderly staff a most anxious time by his bizarre escapades, one of which was connected with a beautiful Burmese princess who was a political prisoner, he was rather liked. He tried to play polo, a game at which he was not a conspicuous success, and he tried to stick a pig in the Muttra country where the Royals were then quartered, and he tried to do everything that was handsome and popular and make himself pleasant—so he went pretty well. Everyone recognised that he was doing his best to live up to the Death's Head Hussar tradition, rather like the Brigadier Gerard one, and if he did

put a foot wrong once or twice, it was forgivable!

### The Road to Wood?

THIS clothes rationing may never reach that point, and let us hope that it will not, for if one thing is certain and the rest is lies, it is the fact that we are not as hard-bitten as those forerunners who were so economical where their tailors' bills were concerned. From such pictorial reconstructions of the Ancient Briton as are vouchsafed to us he was not a pretty man—far from it—but at any rate his mode of life did not permit him to run to a tummy measurement anything from ten inches upward greater than his chest. He was kept so

busy skipping out of the way of the numerous unpleasant animals which infested the Thames Valley that he could not put on much flesh.

No one whose girth is not at least 10 inches less than his chest looks a model for a Praxiteles.

Supposing it were possible by the touch of some magic wand to take the clothes off everybody at lunch time at the Hotdog Restaurant, what a shock might not be administered to the æsthetic senses! The percentage of perfection might be very low. To many of us no doubt this clothes rationing will be a boon and a blessing. For instance, we shall now be able to resist the purloining of that bosom friend, our oldest pair of bags. We can say, with the full weight and authority of the Law behind us: "You can't give them to the Vicar's rummage sale! I shall be run in if you do!" This is something to the good, for every oil stain and darn on that garment is a milestone on the Road of Great Adventure, just as much so as are the divers stains on that pink coat which you still keep in mothballs, just in case you may have occasion to send it and the many times concertina-ed hat to Jermyn Street or St. Jims'es to be reblocked and returned to you with never a sign of having been dived into upon the last occasion of an imperial crowner! Hope springs eternal, and man never is, but always to be...! We count our blessings meanwhile over those flannel bags.



Nth O.C.T.U.—Royal Corps of Signals. By "Mel"



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Romain—Young**

Sub-Lieut. David Anidjar Romain, R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Artom A. Romain, of 55, Tarranbrae, Willesden Lane, N.W.6, and Pamela (Baba) Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Young, of 239, West Heath Road, N.W.3, were married at Marylebone register office



**Norrish—Davy**

Sec.-Lieut. Edward de Lisle Carey Norrish, O.O. Cameron Highlanders, of Lethenty, Hatton, Ceylon, and Iorna Jean Davy, daughter of the late Major G. A. C. Davy, and Mrs. Davy, of Spean Lodge, Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire, were married at Fort William



Fayer

**Stewart—White**

Captain Henry Ralph Scott Stewart, Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and Barbara Jean White, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Forbes White, of Derwent House, Chislehurst, Kent, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street. He is the only son of Mrs. Stewart, of Keavil, Fife



**Mrs. Eric Anderson**

An Irish wedding was that of Norah Letitia Coffey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Coffey, of Castlebalfour, Lismaskee, Co. Fermanagh, and Lt. Eric Anderson, R.Inniskilling Fus., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Anderson, of Ennisfree House, Omagh



**Treadwell—Rogers**

Lieut. Gerald William Treadwell and Margaret Rogers were married earlier this year at St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem. He is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Claude M. Treadwell, and she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Rogers, of Stow Park Avenue, Newport, Mon.



**Montgomerie—Issard-Davies**

Surgeon-Lieut. Thomas Jackson Montgomerie, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomerie, of Thornlie, Tinacre Hill, Staffs., and Mary Issard-Davies, elder daughter of the late John Issard-Davies, and Mrs. Issard-Davies, of Bedford, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gdns.



**Higgins—Lewis Jones**

Captain Michael C. C. Higgins, Lincolnshire Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Higgins, of Shelling, Assam, India, and Alford, Lincs., and Mary Eleanor Lakmé Lewis Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Lewis Jones, of Weymouth, were married at Weymouth



**Heale—Addy**

Flying-Officer Ernest William Mainwaring Heale, R.A.F., and Mary Leonie Addy, daughter of Roland Addy, of Brierley Hall, Barnsley, and Mrs. Addy, of Eccleston Court, S.W., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Heale, of 7, Fitz James Avenue, W.14



**Davis—Lamert**

Lieut. Walter Patrick Carless Davis, R.A., eldest son of the late Professor W. H. Carless Davis, and Mrs. Davis, of 38, Park Town, Oxford, and Jane Lamert, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Lamert, of Horleigh Green, Five Ashes, Sussex, were married at Mayfield Church, Sussex





## Looking after To-morrow... To-day

IN the cycle of years no less than with the sequence of the Seasons, there is no reaping without sowing. The English Scene after the war will be what our fortitude, our industry and our political realism and sagacity make of it.

The seeds of that future are being sown now. And, just as the Government is formulating its plans to ease the passage of the community from a war to a peace economy, so the Nuffield Organization—its technical experience enriched

in the furrows of war, is planning now the renaissance of British motoring that will follow the coming of peace.

Such is the responsibility of leadership. The Nuffield Organization, though playing a full part in the country's war effort, is unremittingly pursuing its research and development activities. The full harvest of this long-term policy will be gathered when, over the brow of the hill, this great nation reaches "the broad lands and better days."

## THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

MORRIS MOTORS LTD. • WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. • THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD. • MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD. • MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD. • S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.

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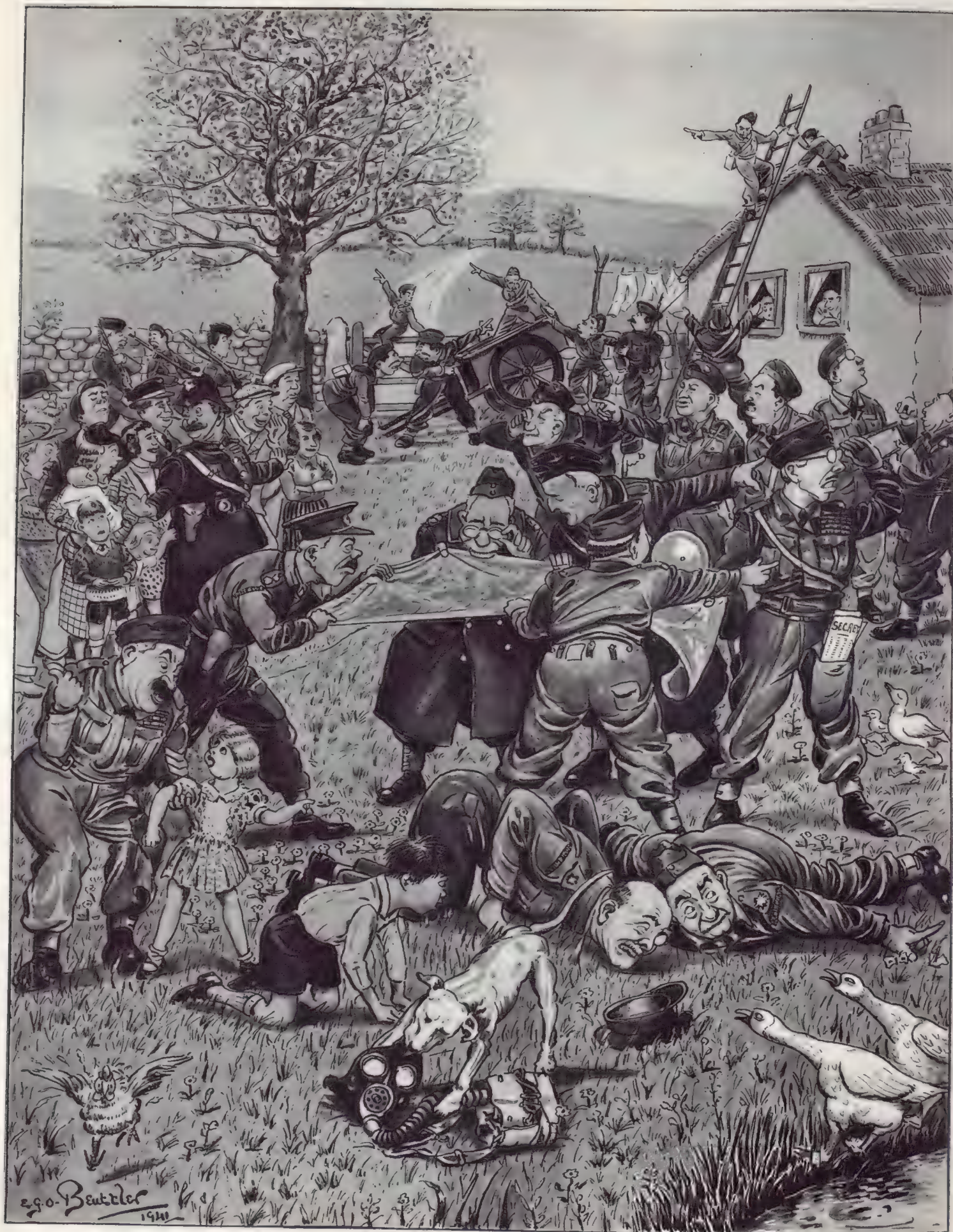


*Riley*

**MORRIS-COMMERCIAL**



# With the Home Guard—No. 2.



“Siteing the Village Defence Post”: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler



*Don't be vague*  
*ask for*  
**Haig**  
NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

*Obtainable also in Small Sizes*



**HAIG**

*in every* **HOME**



# The Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



There is no need to abandon the traditional white wedding-dress on the score of economy. The white crepe frock on the right is noteworthy on account of its simplicity, and with decorative accessories will be appropriate for an informal wedding; subsequently it will be delightful for warm weather wear. Another point in its favour is that it is exceptionally moderate in price. Should the day be dull or chilly the gros-grain coat may be added. Its interest is increased by the macramé lace which adorns the pockets. In the hat seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. Contrasting coats and dresses are a special feature here. The needs of women who are not so slender as they would like to be have received special attention, while their hats always give a social uplift to any ensemble. Furs also have their roles to play



Nowadays much as it may go against the grain we all have to economise, especially where the giving of presents is concerned. Therefore Yardley have contributed to this page a series of bath accessories. There is soap which is available in a box or in single tablets. There is Lavender (endowed with the Lovable Fragrance), Eau de Cologne, and simple perfumes including Orchis, April Violets. Again there are floating bath bowls, always popular with men. Perfumes may last longer if a drop is sprinkled on a small piece of cotton wool and this secreted inside the corsage. Lavender and Eau de Cologne when rubbed behind the ears or on the temples will overcome a tiresome headache, and they are also endowed with cleansing properties and are not luxuries but necessities







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# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

## Age of Violence

**U**NLESS," said Professor M. Greenwood in a paper he was presenting to the Royal Statistical Society the other day, "the experience through which so much of the world is now passing excites such a passionate hatred of the air that aeroplanes are classed with opium and proscribed, civil aviation may well compete seriously with motoring as a cause of death."

But why opium? Surely that drug is relatively humane and harmless. Surely it is a reliever of suffering, physical and psychological, not a creator of it. At the business of biological blasting, opium is to the internal combustion engine as pink gin is to prussic acid.

Speaking as one who has spent his life in aviation I have to admit that the results of aeronautical development are tragic. Today the sound of an aero-engine is universally execrated. Even parachutes and gliders have been turned to offensive purposes. Aviation has become almost synonymous with armaments and all those blessings of better communications for which my friend, M. Henri Bouché of the French paper *l'Aéronautique*, used to be so eloquent an advocate (what he is advocating now only the Germans could say), have eluded us. Instead the aeroplane takes a place all by itself as the supreme killer.

## Use and Abuse

It is not, of course, the aeroplane's fault. Professor Greenwood's paper points out that in 1937 in England and Wales before the war had begun, nearly 23,000 people died by violence. In a year and a half of war 29,856 civilians were killed. So the bomb and the machine gun are really not much more destructive than the motor vehicle and the gas oven.

In the good old days—that is in the seventeenth century—deaths by violence accounted for not quite 1 per cent of all deaths; but in 1938 in the County of London the figure was 4.5 per cent. So we advance rapidly in a backward direction; so we mount to ever lower depths; so we civilise ourselves back to barbarity.

It would be better by far if the whole world were opium smokers and non-aviators and non-motorists. Opium is relatively benign. But do not blame motor cars or aeroplanes. When used properly and in moderation they, like opium, are good. Man seems incapable of using either properly and in moderation.

His dirty little acquisitive instincts, his hunnish sadism combine to make him turn them to destructive ends. It was in 1896 that the first deaths—of one man and one woman—were recorded as due to motor cars. How far has the internal combustion engine gone since then!

## And Yet. . . .

**Y**ET no reason exists why both the aeroplane and the motor car should not be advantageous. No reason exists why they should be more lethal than the gas oven, more murderous than the murderers, more deadly than bathing places and boiling kettles.

What is the remedy? It is not to be found, in my opinion, in limiting the speed of aircraft—as Mr. H. E. Wimperis recently suggested—nor in making rules about their design and equipment. It is not to be found in a world

(Continued on page 446)



D. R. Stuart

## Officers of an R.A.F. Training Unit

Squadron-Leader W. H. Jordan, Wing-Commander R. D. Stewart (Officer Commanding), Flight-Lieutenant N. C. E. Ashton (Adjutant) and Squadron-Leader R. J. Gammon, D.F.C.



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**The Will to Help** is evident in these difficult yet significant days. Many kind friends have answered generously our call for more Church Army Recreation Centres, more Church Army Mobile Canteens, more Church Army Hostels. Will you, too, help us build and maintain still more Recreation Centres, Canteens and Hostels, for the comfort and happiness of your own and others' sons? Everything you give, however little, however much, will enable us to bring comfort and friendliness to the men of the Navy, Army and Air Force. Please send a gift to . . . to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D.

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# Air Eddies

(Continued from page 444)

federation of flyers. It is to be found, in my opinion, in a complete re-casting of our system of education.

Education has long been advanced as the cure of all ills; but nobody has ever asked what kind of education. We now have evidence in plenty that the kind of education we have been giving our children throughout the world is the wrong kind.

It is the kind that has produced the minds that can conceive and use military aeroplanes. And a moment's consideration of what small boys and girls are taught at school is enough to show why this is so.

Life is kept from them. They are segregated and human physiology—which is the thing that most interests children—is not taught, or taught only in ridiculously garbled versions. Cruelty is instilled into the youth from the time he goes to school upward. Most people know of children who first go to school taking with them sensible and humane views about animals and who return with the desire to inflict cruelty deeply embedded.

## Virility and Violence

THE form of German education, which emphasises always the superiority of the male over the female, and which lays down an absurd and essentially brutal code of honour, is the worst.

If we could revise our methods of education and if we made education concentrate first of all on the affairs of life and living, instead of on dead affairs in books, we should be moving towards the time when we should be fit to be trusted with a thing like the internal combustion engine.

But the educationalists are completely blind to all this. They howl loudest about the evil uses to which aviation is put, and fail to note that the blame lies upon them.



## An Air Force Engagement

Miss Patience Hooper, an A.S.O. in the W.A.A.F., elder daughter of Mr. R. S. Hooper, of 159 Brompton Road, S.W.5, is engaged to P.O. Robert Anthony Hedderwick, R.A.F.V.R., second son of Mrs. Hedderwick, of Holtye, Cowden, Kent. Their photograph, with Buller, the bulldog, was taken when on leave at Holtye

For some reason which has never been explained, most people in the world feel that it is impossible now to abolish aviation. When certain engineering knowledge has been amassed it is extraordinarily difficult to get rid of it again.

So the importance of making the best of aviation now that it has come to stay remains always with us.

## War Basis

I HOPE I shall be forgiven this time for being so solemn; but this matter of the use of aviation must worry those who have been in aviation since the early days. The war has forced aviation development in certain directions and not in others.

It has shown that great weights can be carried and great distances flown by modern aircraft. It has suggested that the possibilities of aviation as a carrier are almost unlimited and that one day a large part of the world's trade might go by air.

It would be inexcusable if any future failure to use aviation to the benefit of humanity were to arise through lack of thought about the subject or lack of understanding. Consequently there must be, even while we fight, thought about how we are going to use the air in peace and how we are going to turn it and train it so that it provides its truest and biggest value.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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IF you ever wake up with a headache or a brain that can't seem to concentrate, there's no need to struggle against it all day. But it's no good taking something that just relieves the pain. You're suffering from what doctors call an "acid condition," and you *must* correct that acidity, if you're to feel fit and fresh.

That is why a sparkling glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' is much the best way to cure a headache. It stops the headache almost instantly, and it completely counteracts the acidity without any awkward laxative effect.

If you have a headache or feel as if you were suffering from a "morning-after," take a glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer'; you will be amazed how soon your head will clear, how quickly you will feel better in every way. And you will *be* better, too. For 'Bromo-Seltzer's' alkalising elements will have counteracted the acids which cause your trouble. 'Bromo-Seltzer' is simply grand for Headaches, Nervousness, Brain Fatigue, Indigestion and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

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THE young subaltern was guiding the general to where the Australians were bivouacked for the night, but in the dark he lost his way and had to ask a sentry.

Sentry: "Strewth, this place is lousy with mugwumps. What's the matter with youse? Lorst again, yer silly blighters?"

Subaltern (to general): "Come along, sir. We seem to be getting near them!"

HAVING been fitted with a new dental plate, the vicar was asked to retire into an ante-room to accustom himself to it.

In a few minutes the dentist overheard a distinct "Damnation" from the other room, and in a moment the word was repeated.

The dentist immediately went in to say: "I'm sorry you're having trouble."

"No trouble at all," said the vicar. "You know that word is used in the Scriptures and the fact is I haven't been able to pronounce it properly for twenty years."

A SCOTSMAN and an Irishman tied in a shooting competition. The first award was a silver cup, the second five pounds in cash, and both wanted the money. They went to shoot off for the prize. Each fired ten shots, and then the Scot rose with a beaming face.

"That's done you," he said, "I've fired all my shots into the ground."

"I thought ye would," chortled the Irishman, "so I put all mine on your target. The cup's yours and ye'll oblige the company by filling it."

THE recruits were given clothes and kit at the barracks. They were then paraded for inspection by the sergeant.

"Any complaints?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes," spoke up one recruit.

"What is it?"

"It's my trousers."

"What's wrong with them? I can't see anything the matter with them."

"Perhaps you can't see anything wrong with them, but I can feel something wrong. They're chafing me under my arms."

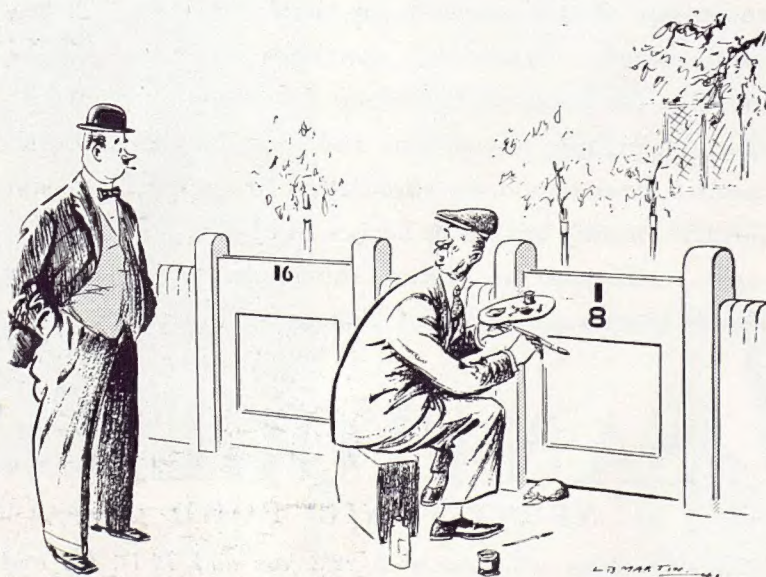
AT a shooting gallery in a fair ground the Group Commander of the Home Guard was patronisingly showing one of his men how to shoot. There were six celluloid balls bobbing up and down on six columns of water. An old man in the corner was bending and pumping up the water.

"Watch me," said the Commander. Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! Pop! and six balls fell. "Now you try."

The private took one shot and all the balls came down at once.

"Marvellous," said the Group Commander, "how did you manage it?"

"Well," said the private, "you shot at the balls, didn't you? Well, I shot at the old chap in the corner."



"I wish you wouldn't talk about your 'do' at the 'Red Lion' when I'm working—Look what I've been and done!"

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the  
by...



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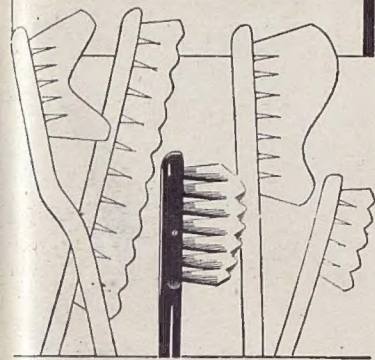
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**I**T is extraordinary how much can happen in one year.

Twelve months ago, my wife and I were living quietly in a London suburb. I had the position of Chief Clerk with an old-established firm. My duties as a part-time Air Raid Warden gave me an outside interest and my wife's hobby of breeding Red Setter puppies kept her busy.

Suddenly my firm was reorganized and I was invited to take charge of a section of the head office in the North.

The unlocking of that one door seemed automatically to open other doors and six months later I was given the post of General Manager.

It was soon after this that I began to feel off-colour. I became easily irritated, had difficulty in concentrating — and this at a time when my decisions affected hundreds of lives and thousands of pounds! I was always tired. Sometimes I would retire before 9 o'clock so that I had ten or eleven hours in bed — and then rise without any sense of being rested.

That might have gone on until I broke down if I had not gone to inspect some air-raid damage to our old house. I seized the chance to drop in for a chat with our family doctor in whom I had always had great confidence. He spotted my trouble at once — it was my sleep. I was not getting 1st Group Sleep. He explained that there are three Sleep Groups and I was getting 2nd Group Sleep — shallow sleep that completely fails to restore one. He advised me to take Horlicks. It would quickly help me



to get back into the 1st Group, he said.

I lost no time in putting his recommendation into practice. Every night, whatever time I retire, I have a cup of hot Horlicks brought to my bedroom. It has made all the difference in the world to me. Thanks to Horlicks, I now get the recuperative benefits of a good night's sleep every night and no longer suffer from Night Starvation. My nerves are as steady as a rock. I have all my old tranquil confidence back. It is a wonderful feeling.

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If your chemist or grocer is temporarily out of stock of Horlicks, ask him again in a few days' time: probably by then a further delivery will have been made.

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*Player's  
Please*

★ It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

NCC 5419